

THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

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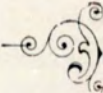


A JAPANESE TEA PARTY.

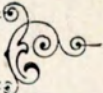


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A SONG.



O Rollins, to my heart so dear,
My thoughts to thee are ever near,
Thy campus and thy halls so fair,
The shining peace of God is there.
Dear Rollins, when we hear thy call,
We give to thee our hearts, our all.
High are thy shad'wy pines, serene thy lakes,
Such is the purpose that thy memory wakes.

Fair truth dwells with thee, pure and strong.
A searchlight to detect the wrong,
A beacon flashing far and wide,
The weary wand'rer's constant guide.
We on thy campus ever see
On high the flag of liberty.
Long may it wave afar its cheer to men,
Long welcome home thy cherished ones again.

THE SAND-SPUR.



THE BURGLAR ALARM

I admit, Mark, that Anne's dramatic interests have troubled me more than once since we were married. There are so many more ways of being troubled than you can think of by yourself.

If a saint in good standing came home all tired out and figuring strong on a good dinner and a quiet evening with his wife, I'd believe he was a hypocrite if he seemed gay and cheerful to find a Shakespeare Club in possession of things.

Maybe a Shakespeare Club doesn't mean the same thing to all men that it does to me. In my experience, it has always been a bunch of stage struck people of assorted ages and sizes, who think Shakespeare's future popularity depends on what they think and say he meant. Probably I'd like the members well enough, individually and personally, but I hav'nt had many chances to find out. Anne has always hapened to be the Great Mogul of the clubs, and so I've seen them generally in the lump, or hanging around as Othello, Touchstone, Ophelia, or some other giddy or dismal being. Under such circumstances, no matter how socially inclined a man is, he can't get to know and love people really well. If these people were ever interested in the subject, they could collect loads of data about me, they've invaded my home at all hours of the day and night.

When a man's single and beholds his guiding star soaring about as a private theatrical star, he forgets that genius is a capacity for hard work, and that if his wife is going to keep on soaring after she marries him, he'll have to spend lots of time in dramatic society. What's more, he may have to spend some hungry time; if his wife is a 'capable' woman like Anne, she believes in Higher Housekeeping, and is determined to do her own work as well as Shakespeare's, rather on the plain living and high thinking order. Most men like a little high living too, and I think it's handy to have a cook around, in spite of what the newspapers say, but she doesn't. I've seen times when I was glad to stop at the grocery store on the way to the train, because Anne's duties con-

flicted and breakfast had to take a back seat until Juliet had helped some brilliant Orlando out of his troubles. You needn't smile—I know after all these years, how the different heroes and heroines are matched, but I also know that they all add up the same when you're hungry.

And still, I don't want you to get the idea that I'm complaining. It's hard to line up to the part sometimes, but of course it has its advantages. It's very educational, and once in a while it's funny, I've got side lights that never were on land or sea before.

The greatest advantage of Anne's living a part—or I might say parts—has ever been to us, is one you might not think of. She doesn't like me to talk about it, says it's too much like a yellow journal story, and lovers of dignity, of art, people with artistic temperaments are bound to have queer notions, and Anne thinks the practical and poetical ought to be done up in separate packages and labeled, and the dignity of both elevated. I don't mind having them mixed, but I realize that my feelings aren't very fine. Anyway I'll tell you this story, because I'm afraid what I've said might otherwise prejudice you against dramatics in the home.

In the Summer of '95 we were living in Ashton, a town of about ten thousand, thirty miles west of Chicago. During the three months before the night I'm going to tell about, there had been a lot of very mysterious robberies, all evidently committed by the same gang. Everything possible was being done to locate the man, or men, and protect the public, but so far nothing worth while had been accomplished. The visitations were always so unexpected and successful. Money and jewels, or plate, seemed to be all that suffered, and there had never been a murder in connection with the robberies, which was some comfort after all. I never could appreciate that reporter's point of view who said "Mr. Jones' papers and valuables were safely deposited elsewhere, so that luckily he lost nothing but his life."

Anne's cousin, John Duncan, one of the smartest business men in Chicago, used to spend his Sundays with us that Summer. He was noted for carrying enormous sums of money around in his pockets, and for wearing the finest diamond in Illinois, and I used to roast him good and plenty for coming out to our house bedecked in any such fashion. Told him that if he was obliged to walk the earth accompanied by his little private Koh-i-noor and Bank of England he might at least take an armed retinue along with him; that I did'nt fancy wearing the Summer night away guarding his musical pillow with a shot gun, which would have to be my occupation if he did'nt use a little more sense. He laughed at what he called my prattle, and said his audacity was all the protection he needed, and anyway he'd sacrifice all he had with him rather

than bother with tucking it away in some little tin bank which was all any safe deposit place amounted to when it came to the pinch; that he'd enjoy himself with his own things, in his own way, in whatever region he pretended to bless with his presence, and that I'd better take a good rest or I'd be afraid of the cars the next time I started into Chicago. Every smart man seems to have his special brand of foolishness so I gave him up to his.

One Saturday night in August John was very late and we got tired of waiting for him and went to bed, knowing that he would'nt be shy about announcing the fact, if he came.

Anne had been working for weeks on a presentation of "Macbeth" that was to be an artistic triumph for that part of the world, and, as usual, had been living every part in the play, by turns. Vexed passages she would interpret in every possible way and then begin on the impossible ones. I began to feel as if the day of Shakespeare's birth was a chilly one for me.

That night after the house had been quiet about an hour, I was awakened by the Witch's conversation in the desert place, floating in from the parlor. I had grown so used to the whole play that, sleepy as I was then, the words were like a lullaby. It seemed rather heartless to drift off again though and leave the poor girl to ponder, and tear her hair, and triumph alone, and so I concluded to lie awake and help her by silent sympathy if I could. Somehow, if I speak to her when she is thinking hard, I always say the wrong thing in the right place, and the right thing in the wrong place, and generally irritate her. As I listened to her struggling along I thought my part was easier after all, even if I was dead for sleep. I heard:

"Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine;"

and I'll declare those words upset me as I never thought poetry could. I seemed to realize what sort of life that man would lead.

After some muttering and silence she went on;

"Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?"

and gave the answer;

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die:

In spite of how well I knew that play, and the warmth of the night, my blood began to cool, her voice affected my mind so. She went on to the end of the scene, and gave only a few lines, but they weren't exactly cheery;

'Stars, hide your fires ;
 Let not light see my black and dark desires :
 The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it's done to see.'

My conscience began to pound me, the way it does every time she gets inspired, to think that a common ordinary man like me had robbed the stage and the world of that woman. When she said,

'Hie thee brother

That I may prove my spirit is thine ever ;'

any body that was'n't deaf would have gone, I did, that is as far as the parlor door, I waited there until she was through with some muttering and that blood curdling prayer to the spirits and the night, to fill her with cruelty and hide the wound her keen knife was going to make, and then gently opened the door and looked in.

I halfway hoped she'd stop and smile at me the way she does when she's just Anne, and isn't worrying about Art or Ethics. I knew if she did my conscience would take a nap and I'd lose the creepy feeling her voice had given me. But she looked past me and said,

'My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight;
 And when goes hence?'

I could hardly stand the look on her face as she answered,

'To-morrow as he purposes,'

but I stood like a charmed rabbit while she went on :

' O never

Shall sun that morrow see ;
 Your face my thane is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
 Must be provided for ; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch ;'

Just then John knocked, in mild battering ram style as usual. I met him and explained things. He had pretty well sized up the situation before he made his attack, and said he'd make himself scarce if genius was burning. He went up to bed, and I hied back to the parlor where she was telling poor old Macbeth that,

'If it were done when tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly ; if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, etc., etc.'

Just as she finished,

'Besides, this Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet tongued against
 The deep damnation of his taking off ;'

there came an awful fall and the crash of china in the butler's pantry.

This sound was enough out of the ordinary to affect Anne at last and we raced each other to the dining-room.

When we pushed open the pantry door, what do you suppose we found, huddled among the ruins? Well it was a man in a dead faint, and if I wasn't missing my guess, one that belonged to the honorable Brotherhood of Burglars.

I interrupted John's serenade, and we tied up Mr. Burglar in short order, harnessed the horse, and made an evening call on the constable. I was pretty sure we had a valuable prize and didn't want to be selfish with his society. On the way down, John and I figured out that he had crawled in the pantry window, in that first quiet hour, and had been stopped there by the sound of what he supposed were several voices, when Anne began the Witch's conversation. As she went on, he thought she was talking about John Duncan and was going to murder him that night.

Being as mild as most anybody, when it came to killing, he wasn't equal to the strain of waiting and listening to her awful talk.

It seemed very improbable. I never supposed that successful burglars were extra impressionable or chicken hearted. However the rest of them are, though, the fact remains that, according to this man's confession next day, my wife, alone and unaided by anything but her tongue and power of interpretation, captured one of the most skilful housebreakers that ever cursed Illinois, and proved that amateur dramatic study has practical as well as poetical value.

M. P. H.

AN ALUMNUS.

(Excerpt from Memoriam A. H. H.)

I past beside the reverned walls
 In which of old I wore the gown ;
 I roved at random thro' the town
 And saw the tumult of the halls.

And caught once more the distant shout,
 The measured pulse of racing oars
 Among the willows ; paced the shores
 And many a bridge and all about.

The same gray flats again and felt
 The same but not the same. * * * *

An Unexpected Misfortune.

"Come on fellows, you're about as slow as girls, putting on your skates. By jingo but it's cold this morning!" and with a shrill whistle, Harry Huntington, nicknamed "Hun," darted down the bay, while the other three boys who composed the party, were kneeling on the clean ice of Lake Erie, adjusting clamps and securing straps, stopping at frequent intervals to blow on their fingers, which the frosty air had stiffened.

"Any of you fellows got an extra strap? Mine's busted," and David, familiarly known as "Di," caught the requested article which "Shinks" had supplied and returned to his task.

Nobody knew just why Andrew Newbody had been called "Shinks" nor could anybody account for "Buck" taking the responsible position of Eugene Love, but, nevertheless, these names were wholly adopted by the friends of both and anyway—boys must be nicknamed.

The boys were all chums at the Academy and were making the most of their liberty during the holidays by keeping themselves constantly "on the go." If it wasn't tobogganing or bob-sledding, it was sure to be shinny; but this morning they had planned a day's outing of a little different sort. They would skate to Cedar Point, a long narrow peninsula three miles from Sandusky, their home, then proceed to cross the Point and resuming their skates, make their way on to the harbor light-house almost five miles farther, where they would take their lunch, as the light-house keeper was a well loved friend of the boys and most enthusiastic over their occasional visits.

"All over fellows" said Buck, stretching himself to his full height, while he drew on his buffalo gloves and tightened the knit scarf which encircled his neck—the ends being crossed over his chest and tied on the side below the waist—and gracefully did the grape-vine stroke around the spot where Di and Shinks were putting on the finishing touches.

Hun, having succeeded in warming himself came back to see what was the matter with the other boys and, just as they gained their feet with a sigh of relief, he swept down upon them with a long symmetrical glide. As they stood there making out their course, looking out across the glassy surface of the lake, the bright sun adding a certain cheer to the otherwise cold, bleak, empty space, they could not but be impressed with the vastness and mightiness of Nature, realizing what things might be possible, yet with not a thought of any personal danger that might be lurking in the cold waves beneath the smooth hard surface. They pick-

ed out as a land-mark an especially tall tree with a broken limb that hung downward, the top catching in a crotch below so that it formed a triangle with the trunk.

"All ready?" asked Buck taking his position.

"Yes."

"All right, come on," and off they flew, gaining strength and speed at every stroke until they reached their uttermost capacity. For the first mile or so the four boys kept nearly abreast, then Hun and Buck began to take a noticeable lead and it was not long before Di and Shinks were far behind. Upon reaching the Point the more swift of the skaters sat down upon the steamer wharf to wait for the others, but soon decided it was not wise to loose their warmth, so ran across the wide board walk over to the pavilion and casino, hoping to find some shelter. But every door and window had been scrupulously boarded up for the winter and, as the cold wind seemed to penetrate every niche and cranny of the verandas and balconies, they gave up the idea.

"I'll tell you, Hun, I'm in for making for the light-house immediately. The other fellows can find their way all right and I fancy a good old log fire a lot more than the cool reception we are offered here," and Buck suiting the action to the word, slung his skates from his shoulders and began to put them on.

"Just as you say old man," said Hun, "but there is just this about it, Di knows the course and we don't.

"Oh what's the difference, we can find it or make a new one. What's the fun of shivering here when we have skates and there's a scorching fire over there at Pat's, come on."

"Say Buck," said Hun again, as they were ready to start "what do you think of those swells out there?" pointing to some huge waves which resembled the billows of the ocean.

"They look good to me," replied the dauntless Buck, "we'll just run right up there and slip beautifully down the other side—oh joy;—come along here, Hun, I'll beat you to that first breaker." And they were off at break-neck speed, skate to skate, each confident and glorying in his own ability to win. And what a fine manly pair they made, tall, broad, athletic, true types of the American school youth, fearless, venturesome, lucky—on and on they skated in perfect rythm their bodies now gracefully bending to the motion of their stroke, now thrown forward with violence, as though to give renewed vigor to the tiring limbs. On they go, the one passing the other with a joyful shout, confident of victory, then tense again with gritted teeth and a mighty forward spurt, as in turn the latter joyously passed him. It seemed to be a supreme test of endurance as the boy's speed was equal-

ly great thus far. But there is no change—yes they are indeed well matched. Ah! the breaker is almost at hand and they are scarcely touching the ice, their skates leave it so soon after the stroke, and they are still abreast. Now they are there and extending their arms and bending their bodies to balance, they start the ascent. Buck makes it and with a wild shout disappears on the other side. But Hun has lost his balance—he falls and slides on his back to the bottom of this side. He sits on the ice a moment to collect his senses, but finds himself to be only shaken up a little and having lost his start laboriously climbs up the side by sticking the points of his skates into the ice. Buck was going so fast and had been concentrating force toward balancing himself so that could he have stopped without great danger to his person, he would not have done so, because he was entirely unconscious of the accident. Hun reached the top of the first little ice mountain just in time to see Buck disappearing over the top of the next. He lunged forward so as to get enough force in descending to carry him up the side of the second and, if possible to gain on his companion, knowing what it would mean to lose track of him in this part of the lake.

Buck, as he reached the ridge, threw out his arms and drew in a long, deep breath, then lightly slipped over and down—yes down in the crudest sense of the word, for at the bottom was deceiving ice of one night's freeze, where the current had caused a break, and just as Hun, his pace given out, barely reached the crest of the billow and stopped, an awful crash reached his ears and, oh horrible! looking down he saw his beloved companion, in all the glory of his youth, sink beneath the treacherous ice with never so much as a cry, saw him carried down and away from the hole under the unbroken ice to the cruel bottom, and with a great agonizing shriek he turned his set face from the broken up ice and poured forth his tortured soul in the bitter tears of a child—bark! what was that sound? Was it—could it be—yes it was Buck, his dear old Buck, risen again to the surface and treading water with his skates still on, while with head and arms protruding he broke away the thin ice about the hole until he reached thick main ice and a safe place for Hun to come.

Hun sat and stared, perfectly astounded and speechless for several seconds, then finding his voice cried, "Oh, Buck, Buck is it really you?"

"Yep, still kicking. Come down; easy now and feel your way. Think it's safe over here."

"Well, but how did you get up?" asked Hun as he hastily made his way to the indicated spot.

"Swam back," answered Buck, "lucky I had that breath and my mouth was closed."

Hun, kneeling gave his hand to Buck, who grasped it and began to pull, but Hun was the lighter of the two and instead of pulling Buck out, Buck was gradually pulling him in.

"This will never do, I'll hang on to the ice somehow and you take off your skates, lie on your stomach and give me your leg. Now take both skates in your hands and stick the toes into the ice as far as you can—got a good hold?"

"Yes."




"Now pull and as fast as you gain a little take out the back skate, stick it in and pull hard again. You have to be mighty quick and pull strong. Now!" And with strong twists and turns of the body, Hun, inch by inch, foot by foot, by forced brute strength dragged Buck from his awful peril—in forty feet of chilled water about five miles from land and no help obtainable to safety and life. The strength and bravery of the one, the presence of mind of the other had saved life and averted a sad tragedy.

Although they were almost exhausted, they knew they must reach the light-house, only a little farther ahead, or still be lost, so they pushed forward, Hun almost carrying Buck, now numb and with clothes frozen stiff. They reached Pat's in a half dead condition, but Pat, keeping them a couple of days, with careful nursing had them on their feet again, and the other boys carried back the word to the unsuspecting parents.

MARGUERITE DRFNNEN.



CLOVERLEAF.

Pirate's Cove.   

It was the middle of a July afternoon that a stranger from St. Louis was strolling along the outer beach of Santa Rosa Island, picking up the more choice of the pink tinted shells that the playful waves of the gulf had tossed upon the sand, and watching the white sea gulls running along the water's edge, then flying to a safer distance as he approached. Becoming tired of the hot glare, he strode across the crunching sands to the other side of the island and stopped on the top of a beautiful, oblong hill perfectly white and smooth as if just swept by some fairy's broom, excepting where his own tracks lay imbedded in the yielding sand.

At his left was a small cove, bounded on the south by the sloping hills of the island, and on the north by an arm of the island, this arm unlike the rest being low and marshy, and covered with tall grass and stunted pines.

The cove itself could not have been over three hundred yards in width, and scarcely more than five hundred long. The small, dark sheet of water looked as though it might have a story to tell, if one could only interpret its language as it curved out to the waters of the blue bay beyond. Going farther up the hill in order to get a better look at this cove, the stranger noticed for the first time, the swishing sound made by the line of an old man fishing from the stern of a small row boat, which was close to the sloping bank and in the shade of a magnolia tree. The stranger making his way around to the spot and introducing himself to the fisherman asked several questions about different places that he had noticed including this.

"Why, yes," drawled the fisherman, "this is Pirate's Cove. Did'n't you ever hear of it? Mighty good place to catch fish if you only know how." And the man with a sly wink at the stranger held up a string of shiny trout to show that he knew of what he was speaking.

"Pirate's Cove," repeated the stranger looking out over the water as he lighted a cigar.

"Yes, it used to be the hiding place for a lot of pirates, and I reckon as much their home as any they had. That hill over there, the long white one, is the Lady's walk. You must have come by there just now."

"Well, it sounds rather interesting" said the stranger lazily, "tell me about it."

So being in the humor for a talk Uncle Ol laid aside his fishing rod, pulled the boat's nose farther up on the beach in the shade, and while

the stranger stretched his length on the soft sand the fisherman pulled out his pipe and tobacco pouch looking thoughtful the while as if trying to recall some half forgotten memories.

The stranger was watching the vibrations of the thick magnolia leaves, and inhaling the balmy air heavy with the odor of the white, velvety blossoms, as the lazy south wind slowly drifted it by, and was drowsily conscious of the cool swish-swash of the water against the sides of the boat.

"Well," began the fisherman, "I reckon it must have been some fifty-odd years ago—I was only a chit of a boy at the time—that them pirates used to come up in here to get away from the law, and rest up a spell before risking their heads out again. You see they had their small boats that could out sail any thing 'round, so they would coast up and down the gulf, and in the smaller bays, and when the government boats got after them they would run up in here and hide. They had their parties and blow outs over there on the other side of the bay, and the people being afraid to bother them they carried things with a high hand. The younger ones were mighty fond of fine dress and had their sweet-hearts across over there. Some of them mighty likely gals too! Chief Conner of sloop Vixen was a bold, good looking fellow, hot tempered, but about the pick of the lot when in a good humor. See that white house over there among them big trees? No, further over on that point. Chief Conner's sweetheart lived there; not in that house but in a long, low one where that one is now. She was the purtiest gal I ever laid eyes on, must have favored that Helen of somewhere that I used to hear our old parson read about. But she was the biggest tease you ever saw, and I can remember yet how her eyes would dance like stars when she was in one of her capers. One day the Vixen came in after a rough trip and the young chief was in an ugly temper. That evening he saw his sweetheart out walking on the hill over there with the mate of a rival boat. Well, he called her to account, but being in extra fine spirits she took no notice of his flashing eyes, and the peculiar note in his voice, but kept on with her tantalizing until the mate who stood by enjoying the circus, put in a telling word, Then Conner in a sudden passion pulled out his jeweled handled sword, and the mate being as quick, they were soon having it hot and heavy. But just then the watchman raised the cry of "The Revenue Cutter." Not even waiting for a goodbye each man dashed for his boat. Conner found that his sloop had drifted with the tide and was aground. This so hindered him that in the light breeze he was overtaken and caught after a hard fight.

His sweetheart used to walk regular on the hill there and watch

for him to come back. One cold, raw day, the next Fall, she come over as usual but never returned. Some say that Conner came back on the sly for her; others, that she made way with herself some how. Now they have it that she can be seen every full moon walking on the hill there at midnight."

"Hey? No, I'm not much for visiting and 'specially at night-time; but one of the neighbors said that he came over one evening and swept the hill off and next morning her tracks were there sure enough."

"What became of the mate? Oh the Revenue Cutter got after the whole shebang of them the next year, and the mate ran up in here, but the law was hot after him this time, so he scuttled his boat, buried his treasure on the island here and skipt out. Haven't seen hair nor hide of any of them since. The hull of the old boat is out there yet. Want to see it? Step in and I'll row you over."

M. I. P.

Two Weeks in Cuba.

You all know something of the history of Cuba, of her geography, and of her marvelous resources. Some of you have lived in Cuba, and others have enjoyed visits there, consequently there remains for me to tell you only a few personal experiences of my short visit to the Island Republic during the past winter. These, perhaps, will not be devoid of interest to you, and may give you a desire to see the beautiful island for yourselves.

The trip from Port Tampa to Key West was smooth and uneventful. From Key West to Havana it was very rough and very eventful, I am happy to say, however, that I much enjoyed the tossing and the discomfiture of those who did not. The moon was full, and the huge glistening waves made a beautiful sight. Several times a big wave rolled the steerage passengers against the rail into a confused, noisy heap of passengers, chairs, bundles, and chickens tied up in old straw hats, and then broke over the deck and gave them a ducking.

Morro Castle light was sighted at 3:15 a. m. and by 5 o'clock we were entering the harbor, with the historic castle just to the left. The harbor of Havana is most beautiful. There are none of the unsightly wharves, ware-houses, and coal bunkers that characterize American ports. It is surrounded by the forts, by green slopes and the long sea

wall, by "El Prado, El Malacone, and New Havana with its neat white and yellow buildings. Passengers land by means of small steamers, or the odd little harbor boats, and are immediately assailed by the loud voiced cabbies and hotel "guest grabbers."

Then begins a very interesting ride through "Old Havana." In this part of the city are the old narrow streets, commonly canvas covered, very narrow sidewalks, white and blue plastered houses with iron bars instead of glazed windows, through which the Cuban lovers do much courting at long range. The houses are always built up to the sidewalk and are very plain without, the exterior in no way suggesting the elegance and luxury of the interiors.

There is great contrast between Old and New Havana. The one is a town of narrow streets; the other is a city of broad, well shaded streets and parks, and to a certain extent, of modern buildings. Here are the fashionable promenades and drives. "Tevi primero, En El Malacone te espero" is a common phrase and one can usually find his friends there in the afternoon or evening. The Malacone and Prado are beautiful, looking, as they do, on forts Morro and Cabaña, and the ocean beyond.

In order to get away as much as possible from American customs, I chose an old Spanish hotel facing Colon Park. Everything was of rough stone, and it looked more like an old fort than a hotel. It had the usual interior court with palms, flowers, and balconies, and the barred windows. The service was entirely Spanish. On Christmas day we Americans planned for a "real, real" American Christmas dinner. The dining room was decorated and a turkey bought. The Cuban chef, however, could not cook it American style, and for that reason we were unconscious of the fact that they had also roasted a whole pig for us and that half our turkey was pig.

At Colon Cemetery many sights impressed me; one was the spot where the Maine victims were for a time buried, another was the Cuban manner of burial. I summed the latter up thus: the wealthy buy their graves and stay; the middle classes rent theirs six to a grave and stay as long as the rent is paid; the poor get theirs free, are thrown in ten to a grave, no coffins, and stay two years, after that, the bone-pile.

On one of the narrow streets stands the old Cathedral, built in 1728, containing the vault in which the remains of Columbus reposed until the Spaniards removed them in 1898. It is a rough stone structure, but its historical importance lends it interest.

The Spanish Club and the Nationals are two powerful political factors. The National Club rooms contain many fine oil paintings of Cuba's great warriors and rulers. President Palma has introduced

many democratic ideas. One of these is his living in a private house and giving up the magnificent old palace for the offices of the government.

The manufacture of sugar is one of the chief industries of Cuba. I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to visit one of the ingenios or great sugar plantations and factories, about ninety miles from Havana. There I saw cane fields many miles in extent, a novel sight for a Northerner, and saw the cane go step by step through the mill and come out refined sugar. This visit was doubly interesting, in that it afforded a better knowledge of the customs of the upper class Cuban families.

The modes of transportation, except a few lines of railroad, are primitive. For very heavy loads, heavy, high wheeled carts are used, while for nearly everything else pack horses are employed. One day I saw a Cuban farmer going to market with a pack horse loaded with bunches of bananas till it could hardly walk. I asked him why he made it carry so much and he answered that there were as many on one side as the other, they balanced and that, therefore, the horse carried nothing.

I would like to tell you of the beautiful little village of Vedado and the Cerro, of sails up and down the coast, of the largest cigar factory in the world, of the beauties of Cuban scenery, and the troubles and joys of a "camera fiend," but I fear you are already wearied.

I found Cuba a land where the people will do anything for an American, a country with vast resources yet lacking capital for its development. The United States will not be slow in furnishing this, and Cuba will regain a reputation for productiveness and wealth.

When a man hath no freedom and fight for a home
Let him combat for that of his neighbors ;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knocked on the head for his labors.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requated.
Then battle for freedom whenever you can
And, if not shot or hanged, you'll get knighted.

BYRON.

The Life Saving Service on the Southern Coast.

To any one who visits the Southern Coast on a clear, summer day and sees the Atlantic, or the gulf stretching away for miles in uninterrupted calm; the necessity for the Life Saving Service seems very remote. The low, sandy beaches, the clear, blue-green water, with only a line or two of foam-edged breakers, the absence of rocks, all add to the delusion that our Southern coasts are free from danger.

It takes a vivid imagination to picture the contrasting scene, a scene familiar to comparatively few except those who have their homes very near the ocean. For days at a time the beach will be buried under angry, sweeping waves, which at high tide reach to the beach grass. The ocean instead of being the broad expanse of clear, sunlit water, is so covered with mist and fog that we can see only a short distance beyond the breakers. These follow each other in rapid succession, and sometimes form as many as five unbroken lines. The huge waves break on the shore with the sound of distant cannon, and they come with such force as to lift great timbers sixty feet long and toss them high on the grass, as a child tosses its playthings. Those of us who have seen great ships the helpless playthings of a hurricane, feel the need of all possible aid.

Our government realizing this great need and its own duty, has established stations along both the Atlantic and Pacific coast, and also along the shores of the great Lakes. Each station has a complete outfit of life saving apparatus, including a life boat, a crew of seven men, and a captain. These men are constantly drilled in the management of the apparatus, in the various signal codes, and also in methods for the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. By means of the international code of signal flags, communication can be carried on with ships of any nation. And the crews are drilled in systems, such as wig-wag signals and semiphores, for communicating with each other.

The superb work done by these crews is not widely known. Their heroism goes, we may say, almost unnoticed; nevertheless theirs is a noble calling, and one that sometimes means the sacrifice of precious lives in the effort to rescue others.

Out of the two hundred and seventy-five stations included in the service, nine situated on the Florida coast, are called "Houses of Refuge" and these, owing to the lesser dangers of this coast, are not furnished with either crews or surf boats. A keeper, however, resides in each throughout the year and after every storm he is required to patrol the beach to ascertain if any wreck has occurred, or if there are any

persons in need of assistance; and all such persons found are provided with food and lodging as long as they are necessarily detained.

These Houses of Refuge are necessary from the fact that the barrier beaches lining the shores of Florida are for miles entirely uninhabited, and it would be almost impossible to get assistance from the main land, as it is separated from the beaches by lagoons from two to four miles in width. Therefore our government has established, about thirty miles apart, these Stations, the only houses of the kind in the world.



Memory of a Hero's Wedding.

To know just how it came about, that on the twenty-second of February, a little girl in dingy school clothes came to be rehearsing for a wedding—the wedding of a hero—you must understand about Mary.

We children never thought it strange that Mary could play the large organ in the church. She had always played for the songs in school, and we never knew her to practice them except on her desk just before going forward to play. Mary had large blue eyes, and small, strong hands, and seemed to have been born able to read music; and for saying bright things that never hurt, no one was like her. Sir Walter Scott should have known her, and have put her in a story as he did so many of her brave ancestors, and the English poet who knew nothing of her little American kinswoman missed something in not knowing her.* Mary had been asked to play the organ at the wedding, for, of course, no one else could so make music to sigh through the ceremony and to flash out when the bride turned. Mary asked me to go over to the church with her and be the wedding party, that she might see how stately must be the measure of the music. Mary asked the teacher to excuse us during the morning session, and because she asked we were permitted to leave even before recess. It did not get me out of many things, but it was a distinction to have all the girls wonder if it could be that I was even distantly related to the Lero of the Albemarle.

It was well that the church was near, as it was intensely cold and the snow very deep in our bleak lake country on that twenty-second of February. We entered the church through a little door at the back

(*Mary was a descendent of Ellen Douglass, and Lord Houghton is the poet referred to.)

opening into the vestry. Cold! The white vestments all ready for the evening made us shiver. A narrow stairway led to the chancel, but it hardly seemed reverent for us to linger there. The organ boy indicated his presence by an impious whistle, and Mary hurried to the organ loft and I took my position in the vestibule. Immediately the organ breathed, and then its voice came, and my part of the rehearsing began—to march with stateliest step to the altar. I looked, dear me! such an ordinary little girl, but my cropped head was just full of the romance. A whole tea party had talked it over in my hearing. The bride's gown was of such beautiful crepe that everything, even lace, looked cheap on it, and so it was to be trimmed with itself. They had been engaged since before he went on his last voyage, (for after the war the hero had remained in our naval service), and when he had returned unexpectedly she had fainted. Fainted—what a lovely thing to do! No wonder that, with head filled with all these things, the little school girl reached the altar steps, quite unconscious of the cold, but hugging her knees tightly, I remember. The music floated over her head until the wedding march burst forth, and then she returned with quickened step to the vestibule.

Mary had timed her music and the rehearsal was over, and we talked about the business of the evening. I was to sit in the stairway leading to the organ loft and signal when the bride entered the church.

School kept the rest of the day and dinner and supper were eaten, at least I suppose it must have been so, and at evening it was colder than ever. Everything went off as was planned, except that there was some delay that made it necessary for me to appear several times at the head of the stairs and shake my head in answer to Mary's anxiously raised brows. At last a freezing blast from the outer door ushered in some ladies whose wraps only partly concealed billows of fleecy white, and the first signal was given as the bridesmaids entered and in the opposite aisle the groomsmen in full uniform. Then it was that I noticed for the first time that all men did not walk the same way, and wondered at the beauty of simple erectness. An anxious time of leaning over the rail and the second signal was given—the bride! Tall and fair she was, and the hero waiting.

The pictures tell you of the brilliant intelligence that shone in the face of the man who originated and executed the daring scheme for sinking the *Albemarle*, but the alert grace and pride of the slender figure—you must think just how a hero ought to look, to get those.

The music floated over the heads of hero and bride and burst into the wedding march for them, and everyone was smiling, for it was not the rector who first kissed the bride, as was his wont, but the hero who kissed his wife, as he had said he certainly should do—and she—

turned right into a rose ! They descended the chancel steps and, passing down the aisle, vanished, carried away in the cloud that Mendelssohn's music can make to float about brides not so fair and about bridegrooms who are not heroes.

A Burning Oil Tank. - - - -

For many days the clouds had rolled over the hills and heavy thunder showers had been frequent. The out-of-door world looked strangely radiant while housed-up people looked correspondingly dull.

"A thirty-five-thousand barrel oil tank was struck by lightning last night. Would you ladies like to go over the ridge to see it? Can you be ready for the 2 o'clock car?"

Of all things a burning tank was what we wanted most to see. So ignoring the signs of a coming storm we were promptly ready for the car.

Soon we were winding up and up through thick dripping woods. Little ferns, rainfed to clearest green, and slender stemmed flowers we could almost touch as we passed. Then we sped along a cleared ridge between two long valleys that stretched away for miles.

All the while since starting we had heard the heavy roll of thunder. Now we were approaching the storm center. We began the descent, running parallel to the storm, which curtained off the farther side of a deep green valley. Higher up the valley, beyond the white lightning-rent curtain, stood the burning tank.

The flames, red-orange, rolled up in rounded billows and melted into higher billows of soot-black smoke that rose like the trunk of a great tree and spread out above and mingled with the low clouds. The branches of the tree were lengthened out toward the storm and seemed to be the source of all its raging activity.

Many other oil tanks stood about on the grass looking as innocent as plant jars, but perhaps holding germs of potted trees that might spring into life at any moment, should the energizing lightning choose its path their way.

But a long ride and a longer walk across many railroad tracks and spongy meadows came in before we were under the black tree and could see it grow from the flames below. It seemed as though a roaring ought to be heard, but it was only as we closed our eyes that we caught a soft sound as though rich cream were being stirred in a great dish.

The storm was still rolling heavily, and the black tree still spread its branches into the clouds when we were obliged to turn away. We pictured what the look of things would be at night when the red light would edge the smoke and the clouds, and the very grass blades would stand out clear on the hill slopes.

Notes of the Last Exposition. - - -

After gaining entrance to the grounds, one who for the first time views this exhibition is seized with the query, "Where did it all come from?" These massive structures; some of marble white, some of old bronze in likeness of ancient castles, and others representing the modern artistic skill of foreign lands. Our amazement soon turns to admiration, and with pleasure we gaze upon the quiet lagoons where the Venetian gondoliers are each plying a single oar so noiselessly and gracefully.

As all achievements have a key-note, it seems that the exposition has one in the Cascades. Situated as they are, one sees them continually and must feel the inspiration of their beauty and grandeur even when viewing them from a distance. Then, coming nearer, as the splashing, tumbling streams of water pour forth, we enter into their sport as they rush and race on their downward course, over the terraces and into the lagoons. An approach to the Pike transports us to another creation where the melodious strains of the bag-pipe are ever resounding, while in minutes we can travel the whole world round, from the Mississippi to the Mississippi again.

Upon entering one of the buildings, we are even more amazed than when we first beheld the whole. There is a feeling of wonder that such work has been done by human hands. The imagination refuses to carry one to the construction period, perhaps through difficulty of apprehension, perhaps through unwillingness to allow this sublimity the indignity of construction.

Less than four hundred years ago, a person wishing to make a journey, if by land, would procure a beast of burden, this not available, he made the journey on foot; if he wished to cross the ocean, weeks and months of weary sailing or waiting were spent, while being buffeted about in ships little fit for ocean voyages. The Transportation Building displays means of conveyance that by contrast carry us back to primitive times. Here we gaze upon the modern conveniences for travel;

from two wheeled carts to the latest invention in autos ; from little birch canoes to models of our majestic ocean liners ; from small, clumsy locomotives to the mighty structures seen every where in our country to-day. Thus this building reveals to us the progress of our nation as well as of others in modes of traveling.

In the Agricultural Palace is to be found an abundance of raw material representing the industries and products of all nations. This is a world of interest in itself and, as has been remarked, one may secure a full meal if willing to partake of it regardless of courses and in small quantities ; for at one booth we see people sampling pickles ; here, others are partaking of serial foods ; while farther on ice cream is being sampled. Peanut tapestries, houses of corn, pyramids of the golden Southern fruit, artistic designs in cotton, these are instances of the many ways in which the products of different sections are shown.

Many hours could be spent in the Art Gallery throughout which prevails an unceasing confusion of murmurs : "Grand, magnificent, superb, exquisite."

The exposition affords a splendid opportunity for seeing and studying different peoples. The Japanese, intellectual, alert, courteous, make whatever they undertake attractive, and they have a remarkable exhibit. These tiny, queer looking people are more capable than their appearance would indicate, for nowhere is there to be seen more exquisite china, furniture, and vases. Their gracious manner is more marked when seen in their gardens where the little Japanese maids, in their silk and embroidered kimonos, serve tea as it is served in Japan. They never fail to make their graceful little courtesy and invite one to return.

The Indians in their gaudily bedecked costumes stride about with a most superior air, but show marked pleasure when recognized by a white man. One papoose, richly dressed, painted, and gay with bright feathers was seen shaking hands with a white baby, and great was the pride of the Indian parents. The appearance of the little Lapland children, though lacking feathers and paint, falls far from meeting with our approval. Seated among robes of fur was a little Laplander, enveloped in a heavy, greasy garment, busily engaged in eating a piece of fat, uncooked meat and utterly disdaining a cake that was offered him.

While the sun, after a day of triumph over all cooling efforts, was beginning to conquer other worlds, we, seated in a restful place, were gazing upon the majestic Government Building, when suddenly from within its walls, there issued a solid, steady line of United States cadets. As they advanced, staid and solemn, we could but feel that their manner suggested the dignity of our government, and we watched them disappear, proud that we, too, were Americans.

An Old Fashioned Singing Convention.

Is it not surprising that in the midst of our modern civilization and rapid progress we find relics of 1850? In the mountains of western Alabama, hidden from the bustling, hurrying cities, live a simple people observing the customs of their fathers and grandfathers. In the dull summer months, when crops are laid by and cotton is yet in the bole, the Singing Convention is a great event. Here farmers gather from all the neighboring country for a day with their friends and make the valley resound with merry notes.

We were spending the summer out in the hills and an old college chum had come up to visit us. The morning's hunt had been without booty. It was exceedingly hot and the summer sun seemed to vie with the stillness of the atmosphere. Jack was dozing in the hammock and my magazine lay open on the floor. The broad old fashioned veranda was deserted by its lively morning occupants and the silence was broken only by the lusty chanticleer.

Wagon after wagon began to pass in lumbering succession.

"Thunderation! I'd like to see a fellow sleep!" exclaimed a towseled head above the hammock. "Where under the sun are all those wagons going to?"

"Oh, to the Convention! To be sure, since I remember it, would you like to go to an old time singing convention?"

"Well, I guess I can't sleep while everybody else is going, so I might as well go myself."

"Go just as you are? Certainly. I hardly think you will need your tuxedo."

Down the long dusty lane we trudged. Up a steep mountain, through another lane and, as we turned a bend, bursts of laughter from boys and girls, mingled with the vocal exercises of mules, warn us of our near approach.

As we drew nearer we observed that Jinner intermission was not yet over. Here and there a circle of farmers on logs and stumps sat discussing the prices of cotton and the latest politics. Yonder a group of women were telling of their parched gardens and many household incidents, emphasizing their remarks by repeated knocks on their snuff boxes. Close by a few veterans with bowed heads renewed the ever interesting scenes of long ago.

Presently the Singing Master, a tall, slender man with kind but piercing eyes, firm set lips, a decided mouth and iron grey hair, rose

and entered the church. A merry crowd of young children followed him while the lovers lingered in the distance.

The music soon began. First the notes then the words until the sol, sol, me, re, do's, fill the house.

"Just look at John and Sally singing out of the same book!" and Jack smiled at the sight.

"But listen to that little woman. Did you ever here such a voice? It sounds as if it came right out of that little topnot on her head," he said.

"That was fine, boys," said the master. "Let's have another. What shall it be?"

"Snow-flakes Now are Falling" chirped a wee small voice in the corner.

"All right, one's as good as another. Now all take your tones."

And he gave the tones respectively. Away they sang; each vying with his neighbor to see which could sing the louder. The master stood in the middle, his eyes sparkling with delight. Another and another, until it seemed they must stop for breath. Several volunteers relieved the master until at last the meeting "broke."

"Good evening, Mr. Chester; glad to see you out," came from behind as I turned to meet the extended hand of my nearest neighbor.

"How did you like our singer?"

"Fine, fine! How often do you have these reunions? Seems to me, there are more people here than I've ever seen in the country round about."

"Oh yes, sir, everyone comes to the convention, even Uncle Joshua Hampton come clean from Black Rock Shoals."

"Aunt Matilda's well and hearty as ever I suppose."

"No, sir. She's been poorly all summer. But good-bye, Ches, my wife's a-callin, to be off."

The merry whack of whips and farewells filled the air, as the rattling old wagons jogged away. And soon the place was entirely deserted. Not even an echo of the master's voice remained.

F. D.



THE SAND-SPUR.

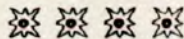
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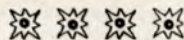
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Mr. F. W. Lyman of Minneapolis, a former Trustee of Rollins College has recently given two-hundred folding-chairs to the Gymnasium, thus completing the furniture of the building, given by himself in the early history of the institution, known as Lyman Gymnasium.



Last autumn, the Trustees of Phillips Academy and Andover Theological Seminary offered to Rollins College "the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150) from accumulated interest of funds donated by Lieut. Gov. Samuel Phillips to be expended in the purchase of books for religious reading and study" by the students. As hymn-books with responsive readings conformed to the condition of the bequest, such books were purchased and distributed in the Chapel in Knowles Hall early in the New Year. The Pilgrim Hymnal published by the Pilgrim Press, was the book chosen after careful examination by the President of the College. This book is rich in hymns and tunes that appear for the first time, no less than in a large number of "the old-time favorites." By special request of Dr. Blackman, a few chants were added to the book, including The Sevenfold Amen by Stainer and The Benedicite Omnia. The students are enjoying this hymn-book in their daily devotional exercises and in the longer time which they give to singing on Saturday mornings.

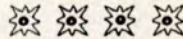


For the edification of the students and various other friends of the College we quote from Prof. Ford's lectures :

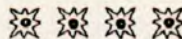
"Culture is the great ally of religion. It improves the noblest faculties, presents high themes for contemplation, makes rational deduction

of moral law, and instructs the soul from those elder scriptures, nature and reason."

Again: "True enthusiasm springs from knowledge. It is a sign that there is truth worth knowing, and that there is something worth doing. True enthusiasm is high knowing moving to great doing."



Commencement with all its fears of examination and joys of graduation and home going, is not so far off now as to be neglected in our plans. Some count triumphantly the days till commencement, even scratching from their calendars the days as they go by. Others perhaps are not so anxious for a speedy realization of commencement week with its concerts. Baccalaureate sermon, picnics and, last but not least—good byes, the last morning at the "dinky" station, the noisy last crowd that takes the A. C. L. noon. All must leave Rollins with all that she means to them, some for a few months, others for all time, and to those who go, let us say—do something, if it be only so little—consult your better nature and grow. Grow into better men and women that your loved Alma Mater may be proud to own *you*.



The following is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Norris of Orlando. Ours is the very air and environment for dreams.

Where in all the world is the air softer or the sky bluer or the lakes and woods and groves more picturesque with glories of the cloud land, sunrise and sunset more splendid? Where could one easier give himself up to dreams and visions than at Rollins?

We are often told that these are very practical times, that we live in a strenuous age; and we are warned therefore that if we keep abreast with the front ranks we must be doing things. We grow impatient of our tasks. We grow eager for the fight. We want to leave our books and ancient and classical love and go out into the turmoil of life where there is "something doing." We do not want to wait for our souls to grow culture and accumulate power. With this temper in us we are apt to neglect one of the highest functions of the human soul.

In our zeal to use our muscle and our imagination, not a few among our companions and seniors are found, and some of them in high places, who tell us that the imagination is of very little worth in this intense and active age. They tell us that this faculty is for young girls, spring poets, love sick boys, lazy people, cranks and idlers in gen.

eral ; that no one who has any reasoning powers, any intellegent practical disposition to do wholesome things has any use for imagination.

Let us not be counted so silly as to dispute that this is an intense and practical age, it is all of that and more, it is an age demanding inventors, discoverers, creators if you please.

We have scarcely scratched the surface of the earth, we have not discovered all of nature's secrets, there are many rich veins of precious ore untapped, many forces unharnessed and our arts imperfect. Heretofore nature has yielded her secrets to men who dared to dream dreams and see visions.

The imagination, though a much abused and woefully neglected faculty is one of the highest endowments of the human soul. It is the vision, the prophetic, the creative faculty. Here does man behold visions of God, and here in this sublime seat is he nearest akin to his Great Creator; here he discerns the signs of the times, hears the heavenly message and sees things to be done for God and man.

In olden times men who used this faculty were called prophets, they dared to be more than mere clods, they saw heavenly visions, they followed and proclaimed them.

A man may use his imagination and still be something more than a whistling loafer. Napoleon used his imagination several years before he used his sword; he destroyed thrones and built up an empire in his visions long before he accomplished these things in fact.

Newton spent many an hour dreaming under the apple trees before he demonstrated his scientific discoveries.

Columbus discovered America in his dreams a decade before he touched San Salvador.

Our fathers were dreaming of liberty and praying and preparing for it several generations before Patrick Henry and George Washington led them to it.

Fulton and Franklin, Morse and Edison and Marconi were dreamers and seers. Inventors and statesmen and poets and orators and artists are dreamers. Leaders of men are seers and if the time shall come when we have no seers, no men given to visions and dreams, human progress will stop.

Dreamers are not idlers, their visions produce buildings and bridges and engines and ships and paintings and statuary and books and orations and codes and constitutions. Then love to dream, cultivate the vision faculty, the one endowment of the human soul wherein man may with his inventions and works of art mimic the Great Creator's skill.

Do not be a clod. "Get off the earth" for an occasional moment. Dream dreams, see visions, heavenly visions and be obedient unto them.

SOCIETIES.

DELPHIC DEBATING SOCIETY.



Immediately after Christmas the Delphic members resumed their excellent work with renewed vigor. The regular debates were continued with the usual earnestness; the new members showing great interest and doing conscientious work in their debates as well as in their other duties.

On account of frequent disputes it was thought necessary to elect a parliamentarian to decide the finer points of order; this innovation has been found of great benefit to the society. An open meeting was held early in the new year, which was generally attended by the students and professors. The program was a felicitous combination of sparkling wit and sober seriousness, concluding with a debate upon a political subject. While true eloquence perhaps was lacking, yet the speakers expressed themselves with skill and precision.

Another open meeting is planned for the first part of May, which promises to surpass any thing yet given to the public by this society.

As the year has advanced the improvement of the members in clear expression and self confidence has been more and more apparent.

Since the placing of the new chairs in the Gymnasium the Delphic has held its weekly meetings in the chapel.

Feeling that singing gives inspiration to literary endeavor and aids in clearing the mind for logical thought, the society opens each meeting by the singing of a few numbers from a collection of college songs lately purchased by the organization.

These songs are followed by the evening's debate which is succeeded by extemporaneous speaking, general debate, and critic's report. A business meeting concludes the program of a well spent evening.

The work of the Delphic though necessarily limited, is nevertheless, a potent factor in developing the literary taste and the power of forceful expression of those who are so fortunate as to be counted among its members.

KAPPA EPSILON SORORITY, 1905.



Here's to the ten and three of long ago,
 Here's to that number now,
 Here's to the girls who've been between,
 Happy all, I trow.
 Here's to the girls who in the future will be
 Each a loyal, faithful, staunch K. E.

The institution of the Social Hour in the Kappa Epsilon Sorority has been a source of much pleasure to the little band of sisters. A little family of thirteen—not unlucky however, for they have with them a Mother who is a charm against evil fortunes.

Many curious adventures of sisters on their journey to membership will go down in the annals of the sorority. In this journey they are called upon to face many situations beyond their previous experiences, and their manner of doing often affords great amusement to the onlookers. Indeed these sisters feel as if they had entered a haven of rest when they have passed the final stage of initiation.

In addition to the work of taking in new members, the sorority has laid the foundation of future prosperity, by starting the fund for a chapter house. In the meantime, a room in the Music Hall has been very cozily furnished for club use, and many jolly times are passed within its walls.

The Sorority is looking forward with keen delight to the farewell banquet which will be given at Comencement. The members are trembling in anticipation of the facts which Miss Longley and Miss Robinson as Prophet and Historian, will relate then; Miss Marg. Drennen will invoke the poetic muse for the benefit of the Sorority and Miss Dawson will keep all the members responding to toasts. The only bitter drop in their cup of joy, will be the absence of their dear sister, Lizzie Knox, the only charter member in the present chapter.

The present members number exactly the same as the first chapter and include :

Lucretia Cousen	Mary Robinson	Alice Longley
Fannie Drennen	Mamie Dawson	Marie Drennen
Ada Bumby	Laura Anders	Florida Howard
Marguerite Drennen	Louise Brown	Nell Broward
	Lois Sample	

On Saturday afternoon, February the twenty-fifth, an unusual musical treat was given the College in the song recital by Mr. Walter Drennen, of New York and Birmingham, Ala. He was assisted by Mrs. Willis L. Palmer. His program was a delightful one and splendidly rendered, and was enjoyed by a large audience.

Possenti Numi	}Mozart
Qui sdegno nons' accende	
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet	}Schumann
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'	
Trockne Blumen	}Schubert
Das Wandern	
Twilight	}Drennen
Cradle Song	

II

Had a Horse	}Korbay
Far and High	
Slumber Romance	Gounod
Three Roses Red	}Norris
The White Rose		
O Mother Mine		
Over the way	Marshall
Under the Rose	Fisher
A Mother Song	Willis
Border Ballad	Cowen

III

Still as the NightGoetze
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A recital by the advanced students on Saturday, March 25th was as follows :

BeethovenSonata
	MISS O'NEAL
ChopinNocturne in B major
	MISS BREWER
Bohm	{ A Night in Spring
	{ The First Meeting
	MISS HOWARD
SchubertTheme and Variations
	MISS LONGLEY
Saint-Saens	{ "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice"
	{ from Samson and Delilah.
	MISS MILLS
MendelssohnCapriccio Brilliante for Piano and Orchestra
	MISS OLMSTEAD

N. B. The audience is respectfully reminded that these recitals are not for entertainment, but are strictly educational in character.

There have been frequent public piano classes held in the afternoon. Haydn's Passion Music will be given on Good Friday by the class, which has taken hold of the work with an earnestness very gratifying to Miss Marsh.

The musical faculty assisted by Dr. and Mrs. Blackman gave music at the Chautauqua held at Mt. Dora, the Middle of March.

EXPRESSION NOTES.

The Expression Classes have taken their courses with diligence; and from the Senior Class will be three full graduates, Miss Alice Longley, Mr. Carl Noble and Mr. William Ronald. Miss Martha Hyer and Mr. Fred. Hamor will take certificates in specified courses.

This year, the first that Expression has been made obligatory in the Academic Course, it has alternated with English II. with very satisfactory results. A public Expression Class will be held one afternoon, the last of May.

The following is the outline of work done by the private students in the School of Expression.

"The Lost Word" by Henry van Dyke, read, a few days before Christmas, by Messrs. Hamor, Ronald, Noble, Misses Longley, Hyer, and Blackman, was given with beautiful spiritual effect.

An exquisitely ethereal atmosphere was created at the opening of the program, by Miss Marsh singing in an inner room, the Recitatives from "The Messiah." The last notes of the chorus of the angels floated out to the hushed audience; and with the picture of the shepherds in the field—the heavenly host above them, in every mind, began the reading of the story of Christmas morning in Antioch, fifteen hundred years ago.

The unbroken silence in the house was an inspiration to the readers; and when the story ended, the audience sat still for some minutes and then passed quietly out. And, the next day, when people spoke of it, tears were in their eyes.

The Longfellow evening, three readings from "Hiawatha" by Miss Sample, "King Robert of Sicily" by Mr. Noble, was characterized by daintiness, simplicity, purity, and delicacy.

The reading of the Booth edition of Shakespeare's Henry VIII, by Messrs. Noble, Hamor, Misses Hyer, Longley, Blackman and Mr. Ronald, was a very creditable piece of work.

The recitals from the Bible, "Julius Caesar," and "Ivanhoe," spoken of in the Christmas "Sand-spur," were not given. In their place, have been substituted the following Senior recitals for April and May:

I.

The Merchant of Venice.....Shakespeare
MR. HAMOR.

2.

Sonny..... Ruth McEnergy Stuart

MR. RONALD.

By Courtesy of the Clown..... S. S. McClure

MISS HYER.

3.

Marse Chan..... Thomas Nelson Page

MR. NOBLE.

Napoleon Jackson..... Ruth McEnergy Stuart

MISS LONGLEY.

The first of May will be given a miscellaneous program of humor by some of the first year's students :

When Angry Count a Hundred..... A. Cervanazzi

MISS LOIS SAMPLE.

Mother at the Concert..... Caroline Sperry

MISS ENSMINGER.

Mr. Wolf and Miss Goose..... Joel Chandler Harris

MISS HUDSON.

(a) Seein' Things at Night..... Eugene Field

(b) My Sister's Best Feller..... Anon.

(c) She Displains It..... } James Whitcomb Riley

(d) Little Orphant Annie..... }

MISS BREWER.

Mr. Peter Magnus Seeks Advice..... Charles Dickens

MR. PARRAMORE.

(a) Awful Lovely Philosophy..... Joel Chandler Harris

(b) Mr. Wolf Makes a Failure..... Anon.

MISS DRENNEN.

The Village Gossip..... Kate Douglas Wiggin

MISS BELLOWS.

The prize offered for the best examination on the English History studied in connection with Shakespeare's Henry VIII., was awarded Miss Martha P. Howes ; Mr. William F. Ronald receiving but one mark lower than Miss Howes.

DOMESTIC NOTES.

On Feb. 18th, the members of the cooking class prepared a dinner for the Board of Trustees and at the lawn fete given by the Woman's Auxillary in March they had charge of a gypsy camp, where they served a lunch of omelets, rolls and coffee ; the omelets being cooked to order by the young ladies. The process of mixing and cooking was watched with great interest by visitors to the camp.

The young ladies in the sewing class are finishing their model books and are cutting and making simple muslin gowns.

Many of the students are making raffia hats in the basketry class.



Clay Springs, as usual, has been the scene of several College picnics. Early in the morning on the 27th of March, a wagon full to overflowing could be seen on its way to these picturesque picnic grounds. It was late in the evening when the jolly crowd returned to the campus, having enjoyed themselves to the utmost during the day, singing, shooting the chutes and swimming, together with a trip down the beautiful Wekiva in Mr. J. B. Steinmetz' commodious launch.

A week later Misses Julia and Helen Steinmetz entertained at the Springs a chosen party of College friends in honor of Miss Shirley Craig, who, during her Easter vacation, had come down from Washington Seminary to visit her Rollins friends.

On St. Patrick's Day, Mrs. Blackman's house and grounds, prettily hung with college streamers and festoons emblematic of the day, were given over to the entertainment of the public in the interests of the Ladies Auxiliary Society. Sandwiches, rolls, coffee, and various kinds of candy, such as only Rollins girls know how to make, were offered for sale during the afternoon and evening. An all satisfying fish pond gave up to those who tried its depths, every imaginable kind of "fish." A Gypsy camp was a prominent feature of the evening. The picturesque lighting of the grounds with many colored Japanese lanterns was in harmony with the Geisha girls and Gypsies.

In the elegantly decorated dining-room, library, and enclosed porch, a generous, tasty supper was served to the delight of all the students.

The reception rooms of the house were open for those who feared the evening air, and everything possible was done for the comfort and entertainment of every guest. It was with the deepest regret that a good night had to be said as early as nine in the evening, and all de-

parted conscious of a lovely, sociable time, and with many compliments for the delightful hostess.

Under the Palms, at Mrs. Tousey's, a fete was held the first week in March. A splendid day added to the attendance and a pleasant time was enjoyed by the many tourists, townspeople, and students who participated in this festivity.

During the year the President's house has been the scene of many happy gatherings. Saturday evenings have been frequently taken by candy sales, flag sales or other entertainments in the interests of the various College organizations.

Birthday parties given in honor of the various students have afforded during the year much pleasure and diversion.

ATHLETICS.

Basket ball was taken up after Christmas with enthusiasm. A team was quickly chosen and each college in the State was asked to give us a series of games. Owing to a lack of enthusiasm on their part, the other colleges throughout the State did not see fit to organize teams. Thus Rollins had to content herself with inter-dormitory games. The first of these was played on the eleventh of March. Pinehurst won by the score of 8 to 16. The second game of the series was on the morning of Trustees Day. Pinehurst was unable to repeat her feat of the week before and went down to the tune of 18 to 6. The third game of the series was the most interesting of the three. Lakeside won this by the score of 8 to 5. After this, three games were played between the town team and a campus team. The town team came out victorious in two of these games.

The girls organized two teams which played an intensely interesting game on Trustees Day. In this game the "Osceolas" defeated the "Virginians" by a close score.

The base ball season has not been very successful. Our greatest error, was, perhaps, the premature cancelling of games, for our first game showed excellent material. This game was played here with the South Florida Military College on the 25th of March. Our boys showed up well though their batting was weak. Hall pitching for Rollins only gave up four hits, two of them scratches.

THE SCORE.

ROLLINS,	A	B	H	P	O	A	E	S. F. M. C.	A	B	H	P	O	A	E
Hall, p.,	5	1	0	8	1	Rogers, 1st b.,	3	0	5	0	1				
Franklin, l. f.,	0	0	0	0	0	Reid, p.,	4	1	1	5	0				
Phillips, l. f.,	3	0	0	0	0	Lester, c.,	4	1	14	1	0				
Wright, 2nd b.,	4	1	0	2	0	Sloan, 2nd b.,	3	1	3	1	0				
Layton, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	Parrish, 3rd b.,	4	1	0	0	0				
Atkisson, 1st b.,	3	1	15	2	0	Alderman, r. f.,	4	0	1	0	0				
Parramore, ss.,	4	1	0	2	0	Thompson, ss.,	3	0	0	0	0				
Barnes, c.,	3	2	10	1	1	Wilhelm, l. f.,	3	0	2	0	0				
Chubb, 3rd b.,	4	1	2	0	1	Murphy, c. f.,	3	0	1	0	0				
Boone, r. f.,	4	2	0	0	0										

Runs by innings :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
S. F. M. C.	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	2
Rollins.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1

Summary—Struck out by Reid, 13; by Hall, 8. Hit by pitcher, Rogers, Franklin, Phillips, Atkinson, Barnes. Stolen bases, Parramore, Hall, Chubb. Wild pitch, Hall. Passed ball, Barnes. Umpires, Owens and Sadler. Time of game, two hours.

SPURS.



Come listen all unto my song—
It is no silly wail,
'Tis all about the great Sand-Spur
The Delphics' have for sale.

The members of the D. D. S.
Again must cope with trials
For every year this task is done
In various ways and styles.

They know that they must write enough
To fill some sixty pages,
And the time they have to write it in
Is something less than ages.

Great rolls of money must be fished
From out debaters' pockets,
To make this famous Sand-Spur blaze
Like many bright sky-rockets.

So the D. D. S. began to work
 To make it a success.
 A few good pens worked over much
 Some none, some more, some less.
 Some would not try at all to push
 This helpless thing to fame.

But on the others loved to heap
 Their words of ceaseless blame.

At last our day of work is done
 The Sand-Spur doth appear.
 We end with thanks for all who helped,
 And hope we're not too "queer."

RO(A)STER OF THE DELPHIC.

NAME.	AMBITION.	RECORD.
Mr. Ankeney,	To lie in bed a year.	Nothing but promises.
Miss Bumby,	To blush.	Bum.
Mr. Buttram,	To be a preacher.	Shady.
Miss Chappelle,	To be an encyclopedia.	?
Miss Coutant,	To giggle.	The little one.
Miss Drennen,	To travel with a side show.	Complicated.
Mr. Frazer,	To go to Florence.	Slow.
Miss Hyer,	To be higher,	[Spur. You all ask ma.
Mr. Johnston,	To make money on the Sand-	Twelve cows per hour.
Miss Kendall,	To help her pa.	Made bi-weekly.
Mr. Noble,	To look wise.	Out of sight.
Miss O'Neal,	To go to Germany.	As an adjourner.
Miss Robinson,	To get wisdom.	Saw the point once.
Mr. Ronald,	Hasn't any.	Bread and milk.
Mr. Stiggins,	To be an agitator.	Three killed, four injured.
Mr. Stillwell,	To improve the Delphic.	Only at home.
Miss Strickland,	To grow thin.	Not yet made.

Mr. Benedict hopes to be saved by Grace.

Rollins has a Patton ready for everything.

Lakeside Anti-Transfer Co.—R. R. Kendall, Prop.

Miss Christian.—I wish you would not Guy me.

The Cloverleaf girls are very jolly to be so near their Graves.

Mr. Layton,—Prof. What is apple-butter made of?

Mr. Seacole.—Boys, you shouldn't trifle with love.

Gold Dust and a little Pearline

Make Woodruff as well as clean.

And'er(s) name is still Laura, but her heart is Patting.

Miss Steinmetz' favorite Psalm seems to be Mr. Sadler.

To young and old and rich and poor,
 With great desires for knowledge
 Just place yourselves upon the cars
 And come to Rollins College.

Miss Reed's favorite hymn seems to be Benedict(us).

Miss Henderson's favorite waltz seems to be Clayton's Grand March.

For lemonade on short notice, apply to Miss Howard.

Ask Mr. Stilwell about the "yi-yi" he gets from Ohio.

"Happy New Year, Cleve." "Nothing for you, son."

Miss H.—However it be, it seems to me only Noble to be good.

Miss Cousens was overheard to ask "Who is going to empire the game?"

For fresh cane syrup apply to Miss Marsh.

Said he,—All others now I leave,
 And to her only Will I Cleve.

Gray suits seem to be the fashion for Spanish teachers.

Prof. Benedict is taking his first lessons in Reed-ing.



Fatty comes and Fatty goes
 Wearing stylish M. Born clothes,
 See him smiling if you choose.
 Ain't he cute in Regal shoes.

Anon.

Mr. Blackman and Mr. Johnston seem to have gone into the Tayloring business,

Ask Miss Robinson or Mr. Stilwell to show you their dining-room feet.

Miss Hudson,—(Admiring phlox on the Pinehurst lawn) Aren't those little Hux sweet?

Miss Sample,—(On a Sun. Eve.) O where, O where has my little dog gone?

What about the molasses on the door knobs? Oh, don't rub it in.

Dr. B.—(In Chemistry class) What is fire?

Mr. Patton.—An element.

Pres. Blackman, (Reading in chapel) The fool shall no longer be called Noble.

Miss R.—How do you like Chopin?

Miss M.—I never saw him.

Why is Mr. Sloatermen called Nimrod? Because he likes to Hunter.

How bright, how cheerful, how pleasing,
 This object we see from afar
 'Tis known by its brilliant beauty,
 It shines like the evening star.
 'Tis a thing of grace and fashion,
 Wonderful indeed to behold,
 And inspires awe in new comers,
 When they of its splendor are told.
 Why are we thus rhapsodizing?
 Now what is the theme of this lay?
 'Tis merely the cook's kitchen apron
 Which is seen from afar every day. H. K. O.

Dr. B.—(In Physics class) Miss Schopke, can you tell me anything more about the Son?

Prof. Moreno has gone where he can have a whole doughnut to himself.

The Eternal Question—Where is Miss Darrow? Gone to a Faculty meeting.

Prof. L.—Miss B. what animals were found there?

Miss B.—Grain, cattle and hogs.

Mr. S.—Dr. Baker, what is the composition of HeL₂?

Dr. Baker.—Dunder und Blitzen.



Mr. Stiggins—(Reading in English class) Lying in bed with his hands and feet folded.

When after years we all look back
Upon our college days so dear,
We'll wonder then, as we do now,
O'er questions that to us seem puer

Our thoughts will wander through the rooms
Where students studied hard and deep,
But still we'll dimly wonder why
The sweet potatoes were so cheap.

Send all your darning to Miss Sample. For further particulars apply to Prof. Rowland.

Prof. B.—Miss Blackman, aren't you going to see the monkey?

Miss B.—I never go where I am not the center of attraction.

Mr. Barnes.—(As he is passed the macaroni) No thank you, I don't care for any tapioca.

Why yes, Doctor, I keep it in the house all the time for the girls when they get "hystericky."

It is strange that Miss E. Taylor, being a Southerner, is so partial to the Black-man.

Mr. Stilwell.—(As Critic in the Delphic). The Delphic has improved a great deal since I came into it.

Dr. B.—(In Physics class) What is a cold blooded animal?

Mr. Reeves.—One that can be frozen.

Dr. B.—(In Physics class) What other kind of aberration is there?

Miss Christian.—Chronic aberration.

Dr. B.—(In Botany class) Have any of you seen that vine down by the pumping plant?

Miss Sample.—Pumping plant? What kind of a plant is that Doctor?

Prof. L.—I hear a murmur in this class like the murmur of the breezes through the trees.

(5 minutes later) I have located the murmur and am afraid I shall have to dislocate it.



Miss D.—(1.30 Sat. A. M.) This is the girls' night.

Mrs. A.—Why? Because it is All Fools' Day?

Miss B —(Emphatically) Cre and I don't quarrel anymore. It has been almost a month since we quarreled.

Prof. Kendall.—(In Algebra class) What is a linear equation?

Miss Cousens.—One that has no square feet in it.

Miss Graves.—I think by the time I get through teaching Rollins girls how to cook I'll be ready to start housekeeping.

Dr. B.—(To Mr. Parramore, in Botany class, who has been talking about a flower at Clay Springs) Did you bring a sample back with you?

Mr. P.—Yes, but not that kind.

Jefferson objected to having the date of his birth known on account of not wishing it celebrated. It seems there are a number of Jeffersons on the campus.

Mr. Layton says he has known chickens to have the roop but he never expected to have it himself.

Nell.—(To Laura, who is making faces) You ought to sell those faces by the dozen.

Laura.—Oh no! I have a Patton on them.

THE DEAN'S TABU

NAME.	WHERE BORN.	AS THEY SEE THEMSELVES.	AS OTHERS SEE THEM.
"Tommy" Atkisson.	Orlandy.	O. K. so to speak.	Too small to notice.
Ralph Benedict.	Unknown.	Misused.	A reeder.
Willie Burrell.	Oxford (not in Eng.)	A Prof.	Indescribable.
Marg Drennen.	Ferry boat	A shining light.	On fire.
"Fiji" Gregory.	Fiji Islands.	A bird.	A cannibal.
Freddy Hamor.	M. Born.	Stunning.	Quite a big man.
"Allie" Hudson.	On the Range.	Wild and woolly.	Sunny Jim.
"Carrie" Johnston.	On the farm.	A hot tamale.	Oldest of 13.
"Mackie" McClung.	Dunnellon.	In trouble.	Always solemn.
"Ponytz" Parramore.	In obscurity.	A hit.	Mis(s)taken.
Mary Robinson.	Like Topsy.	Funny.	Funnier.
Prof. Rowland.	Canuck.	In the mirror.	With a microscope.
"Buster" Sample.	Log Cabin.	Good, for most	1:59.
Cleve Schopke.	Spruce Bluff.	Married. [poyntz.	With the chaporone.
"General" Stiggins.	Erins Isle.	A Dutchman.	Partly Irish.

DEFINITION.—LeTourneau, n. The dry essence of East Coast humor

Story, n. The being most resembling a gopher, as seen on the ball field it appears to have four legs.

Noble and Stillwell, n. Students used to illuminate the English history class.

Perzuala, n. A Cuban implement used to frighten hazing marauders.

Seacole, n. A product of Eustis.

Hilpent, (n). A bundle carrier, useful in a laundry business.

The Chef (n). An addition to the dining hall.

Reeves (n). Unknown species, only known fact about this interesting animal is that it is frequently found in company in with Buttram Was once seen with two girls—dangerous.

Y. M. N. A.—A mixture of a few men and no boys. NOTE.—This association has since the last meeting gone up in smoke.

LATED MEMORANDA.

REASONS FOR LIVING.	CAUSE OF DEATH.	FIND THE POINT.
For her sake.	Fell from a high chair.	Thou hast good understanding.
Only the good die young.	The Faculty.	Just look at me! would you believe 'Twas once a lover?
To show 'em how,	Cleved to the heart.	He never followed wicked ways Unless when he was a sinning.
For his sake.	Spontaneous combustion.	All is not gold that glitters.
No alternative.	Lockjaw.	Of her own gentle voice afraid.
To collect what the world	An idea struck him.	He serves to fill a room.
Force. [owes him	Nerves.	I am the girl that's gay and happy.
To help the world along.	The Sand-Spur.	This was a man.
Three meals a day.	Starvation.	God bless the man that invented sleep
To get a fair sample:	Gloves.	A fair-haired, taciturn stripling.
To tease some one.	Breaks.	She gives her tongue no moments rest.
To avoid the grave.	Blushing.	Sweet little man.
Afraid to die.	Too many dates.	Poynt(z) is evident.
Engaged for life,	Her first love.	The sun crowns her with the aureole of a saint.
Nobody will kill him.	The jury's verdict.	Still waters run deep.

Gussie (n). A unique departure.

Johnstone (n). An heartist.

Stiggings (n). Gaelic for scrapper. In the Dutch this word is pronounced Sioatermen.

Lois, A kind of Sample that comes in bunches of a pair or more.

Reeves—inhabitat Pinehurst and Dining Hall; 1, an animal hat forages; 2, a food receptacle.

The Sand-Spur—something that has to be gotten out. There are two species of this plant. Both are to be found on the compass. As yet scientists have not agreed as to which is the more troublesome pest of the two.

Swain—a rosy sweetheart.

Campossed vt. and vi. p.p. of verb to compass—a feeling experienced by many boys in the spring.

Vanderpool—a flower conveyer—quite useful to the ladies.

Campanioni—a plaything.

Dr. Baker.—You were out after 10 o'clock last night.

Mr. Sloatermen.—Yes Doctor, I was calling on a friend and didn't notice the time.

Dr. B.—Oh, I see, you have been galavanting.

Prof. L.—(After discussing Washington's farewell to his army) But I am glad to say kissing is going out of fashion.

Miss R.—(Quickly) But Oh! I don't think it ought to.

Mr. Noble.—(On graduation day) Dr. Baker, I can never thank you enough for the knowledge I have acquired under your kind instruction.

Dr. B.—A mere trifle, a mere trifle.

Wonder why—

Fiji is so popular as a chaperone?

Mr. Katz is always in a Brown study?

Mr. Sloatermen rings the bell so irregularly on Sundays?

Miss Darrow is afraid of "seeing things at night?"

Miss Robinson doesn't want kissing to go out of fashion?

What strange sights have met our gaze?

What strange sounds have reached our ears?

Causing us to start and wonder if from right minds far asunder,
Some gay girls have wandered

But they know what they are doing,

So 'tis worth their while you see,

Honor great for them is brewing,

Soon full K. E.'s they will be.

The latest—Miss Hyer at meals.

The wild man from Ybor—Stiggins.

Wright's favorite dish—Dutch Cheese.

Miss Mc generally of the gayest disposition has twice this year appeared quite Moody.

CONCERT HALL.—Louie, the one fingered piano performer—assisted by Fred Hamor with his repertoire of three chords—chord changes every three minutes.—N. B. for some reason notice of these Lakeside recitals was omitted from the music notes.

I play the mandolin, violin, gramophone, piano, etc.,—but not so you would notice it.—Buttram.

Have you heard Leach laugh?

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

- "A college joke to cure the dumps"—Sand-Spur.
- "Here is the place"—Dining Hall.
- "It is sweet to linger here"—Cloverleaf.
- "Never unprepared"—Miss Harris.
- "The rose looks fair"—"Sweetheart."
- "Love me, love my dog"—"Buster Brown."
- "I was not ever thus"—Mr. Stilwell.
- "God bless all women"—Mr. Johnston.
- "I shun no strife"—The "General."
- "All's well that ends we'll"—The Seniors.
- "We took sweet counsel together"—The Faculty.
- "And thereby hangs the tale"—April 1st.
- "A rose born to blush unseen"—Prof. Rowland.
- "A seeming child in everything"—Miss Sample.
- "Humanity with all its fears"—Miss Borland.
- "I love the old melodious lays"—Mr. Story.
- "There's not a third one to be found"—Some People.
- "I'm not in the roll of common men"—Mr. Bates.
- "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look"—Mr. Boone.
- "Here-upon confess, I am in love"—Mr. Burrell, et al.
- "Respect the Faculty that forms thy judgment"—Student Body.
- "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw"—Leach.
- "Is proud that he has learned so much"—Mr. Vanderpool.
- "A man he was to all the country dear"—The Dean.
- "For a back woodsman, uncommon intelligent"—Mr. Noble.
- "Then she will talk ! How she will talk"—Miss Peters.
- "Delightful task ! To rear the tender thoughts"—Prof. Ronald.
- "She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she thought"—Miss Drennen.

"His heart strikes audibly against his ribs"—The Chef.

"You love to tinkling tune, your feet to fling"—Mr. Hamor.

"His head was as bald as the palm of your hand"—Mr. Chubb.

"Good night, good night, as we so oft have said"—Miss Darrow.

"All that we know of him is amiable and of good report"—Mr. Clayton.

"The gravity and stillness of thy youth, the whole world hath noted"—Fiji.

"Again I see a little child
His mother's sole delight"—Mr. Cheney.

"This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me"—Mr. Buttram.

"They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd and faint and lone"—Poyntz.

"You're uncommon in some things. You're uncommon small"—
Miss Strickland.

"His talk was like a stream which runs,
With rapid change from rocks to roses"—Dr. Blackman.

"Often the cock loft is empty in those whom nature has built many
stories high"—

To whom it may concern.

"Many ghosts and forms of fright have driven sleep from mine
eyes away"—

March 23rd.

"Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd, And 'tis not done. The
attempt, and not the deed."—The Girls.

"Light enchanted sun-flower thou, Who gazest ever true and ten-
der on the sun's revolving splendor"—

Miss Schopke.

WHY THEY CAME TO ROLLINS.

One damsel came, on English grammar bent
To learn to break off saying "must have went."

Continued at the top of the following pages.

Another came to make her funny breaks
And show how little she's afraid of snakes.
To show how often she can change her mind,
One fair maid came her Number Five to find.
In hopes they might grow thin on college fare
Came two whose stoutness is a source of care.

To Our Patrons.

I wish to thank most heartily those who have patronized the advertising columns of the Sand-Spur during the three years I have been connected with it as business manager. Without your patronage the publication would have been next to impossible.

Trusting you may give my successors the same loyal support with which you have so kindly favored me,

I am sincerely yours.

IRA JOHNSTON, Bus. M'g'r.

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FOOTWEAR.

When you're ready for the new styles, you can't afford to overlook our



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You could not wish for better styles and more goodness and our prices are reasonable. Call and see what we have to offer you.

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FEET FITTERS.

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Two more came here in music to seek fame,
And now to go to "Bosting" is their aim.



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Students: We solicit your patronage and
will fit and please you.



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Oysters in Season.**

'Phone 59.

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One came, a windy, wild and woolly man,
To stir up as much trouble as he can.

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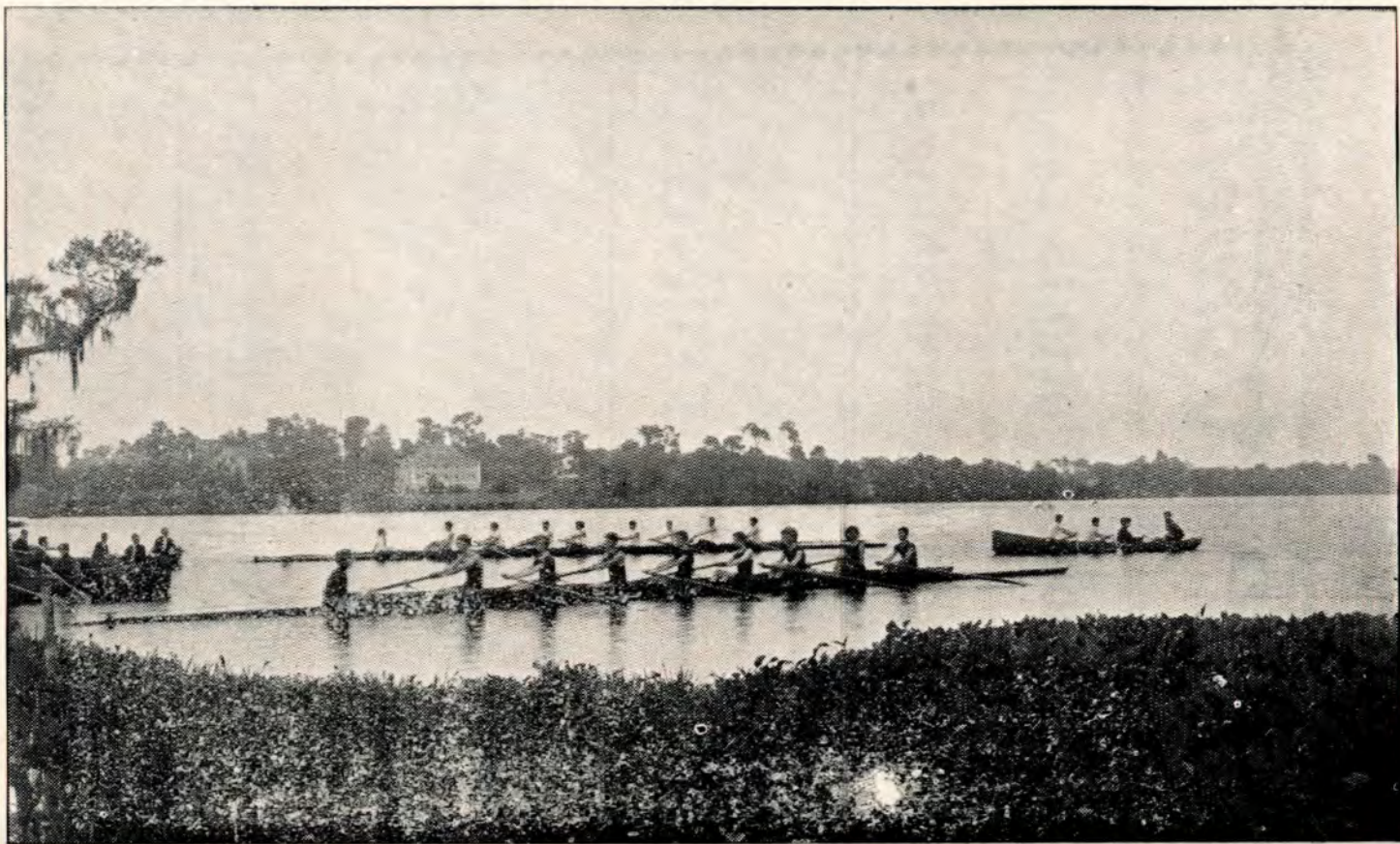
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—GREAT LINE—

Corsets, Gloves, Belts, Ribbons, Hosiery.

N. P. YOWELL.



RIVAL CREWS IN THE EIGHT OARED SHELLS.
Boat and Shell House at the foot of the hill below Lyman Gymnasium in the distance.